

## The Hawkins Roller Rink by Carerra\_os

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**Summary:**

Day 4 Roller Skate

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# **The Hawkins Roller Rink**

## **Author's Note:**

Day Four Roller Skate from the HarringroveApril Prompts

## **The Hawkins Roller Rink**

Billie decides she hates Hawkins before she even gets past the town line, before the faded out welcome sign comes into view, before the smell of fresh cow shit wafts in through the open windows as she drives by field after field of cows. It does not get better as she spends the weekend unpacking her meager possessions, all second hand furniture and salvaged pieces, unlike Max who has a fairly new bedroom set paid for by his mother in an attempt to buy his love, to be seen as the superior parent. It kind of worked, it made Max nostalgic , made him just as angry about being forced to move from California as Billie.

With Monday morning comes a modicum of freedom, she still has to get Max up and nag him to get moving, has to take him to school but after that comes some freewill. She goes and scopes out her new school and hears tales of the former Queen bee Stevie. It is all terribly boring, cookie cutter in the way all cliques form and the gossip mill runs and Billie has lost her taste for trying to be good, for trying to do what she is supposed to by the time third period rolls around.

She ditches, it is not like anyone is keeping track of the parking lot, no attendant to make sure her car stays and Max will not be out for a couple of hours so she has some time to kill. She drives around aimlessly, stops by the Gas and Sip, picks up a fresh pack of smokes and a packet of Razzles. She wanders aimlessly for a solid forty minutes before she sees a sign for the Hawkins Roller Rink, the neon sign underneath letting her know it is open. Billie frowns as she turns onto the dirty road distantly worried about her paint job getting

scratched up and about this being some weird murder spot.

She is definitely thinking weird murder spot as she makes it to the end of the line, a nondescript brown and beige building with Hawking Roller Rink painted lopsided and fading near the big double doors. There are a few cars in the mostly dirt field that makes up the parking lot, edges marked by a mostly missing fence the remaining parts falling apart. Billie weighs her options, going inside and potentially being murdered or wasting more gas wandering around this nothing town.

She decides potential murder is the better option and heads inside, the place smells like pizza and something she cannot put her finger on, familiar in a way but the memory that scent is attached to is not forth coming just annoying and nagging that she knows this scent. The place has a familiar feel, the shapeless color splashed carpets that cover everything until it gets to a half wall separating the main floor from the rink itself. The flashing lights, strobing over the few skaters, something about the way the lights hit off the pinball machine tucked against a back wall brings forth a memory.

Billie distantly remembers her dad taking her to a place almost identical, before he left leaving her to deal with Naomi on her own. She remembers being handed a roll of quarters as her dad laced up his skates, ruffling her hair before he slid out onto the rink to skate with his friends. Billie had spent hours and hours in a place just like this where she had to stand on her tiptoes to play the games, she had almost forgotten all about that, the memory vague, superimposed on this place like maybe it never really happened at all.

Billie shakes out of it digging around in her pockets, coming up with the half empty packet of Razzles and a few quarters as she eyes the machine. She probably should not waste the money, she is supposed to be saving up, has to if she wants to get out of here one day, to get away from Naomi but the draw of the machine is too much. No one else is over there, the few people milling about either in the little dining area set up munching on pizza and appetizers or on the rink

with young kids, some teaching, others being shown up by their children.

Billie snags an ashtray off one of the many counters spread out around the carpeted floor, helping to break the place up into zones without any actual walls. There is no one in the little game corner, consisting of a handful of older model games and Billie sets herself up at the old pinball machine that has caught her eye. No one bothers her until she shakes the machine and nearly sends the ashtray to the ground, narrowly catching it before the ashes and her cigarette resting in a crook can spill all over the carpeted ground.

An older employee in khakis and a black shirt, the name of the place stitched into the breast pocket comes over, dragging one of the high backed chairs away from the countertops. Billie sneers at her, sure she is about to get a lecture, the woman just rolls her eyes with a huff and settles the chair next to the machine. "Get ash in the carpet all the time, set it on here so I don't have to clean up after you." She does not wait for a response from Billie, disappearing back to wherever she came from. Billie takes a drag from her cigarette and sprinkles a little ash along the carpet in rebellion before giving in and putting the ashtray on the chair, feeling a little guilty and rubbing her shoe over the carpet where the ash had landed, hiding the evidence by sinking it further into the carpet.

Billie smokes less than she would if her hands were not occupied with the machine, most of the cigarettes she lights burning down to ash with only a few puffs in between. The group of children and parents have left and she still has not beaten the high score by the time she runs out of quarters, the flashing initials DDH mocking her. She lights up another cigarette, debating going and getting some more change and wasting even more money just so she can wipe those initials off the board when her eyes catch on a pretty girl.

Long brown hair bouncing bangs teased high, the rest pulled up into a lopsided ponytail, the flashing light occasionally catching on it making it shine with honeyed streaks. Billie tracks her as she walks

across the room, waving at people clearly familiar with the regulars, a set of beauty marks across her cheek that Billie would like to become more familiar with. There is a pair of skates draped over her shoulder in pastel shades, geometric shapes giving no real pattern. The yellow in them matches her little cropped tee shirt, a crop of little pink flowers stretched tight over her bosom and her equally tight cotton shorts that show off her curves and make Billie's eyes track down her long mole spotted legs to her preppy little socks and shoes.

By the time Billie finishes her cigarette and is ready to make her approach it is too late. The skates are already on and the pretty girl is gliding around the rink. Billie moves closer watching her dance around the empty rink, leans against the little half wall mesmerized. There is a glint of metal around her waist and it takes Billie a while to figure out it is a delicate gold belly chain that hangs down one hip, it gives her ideas about leading this pretty girl around by it.

Billie waits, chipped black nails drumming across the top of the half wall as the girl keeps skating around, long legs beautiful and mesmerizing as she twists and turns, skating backwards and doing a little jump. Billie has a lot of thoughts about getting between those powerful thighs. She gets lost in her daydream, barely notices when the girl moves off the rink. Billie searches around when she finally registers the pretty girl missing only to find her nowhere in sight, Billie fumes angry at herself for missing her chance when she spots her again, gliding back onto the rink, not gone but Billie still missed her chance to talk to her and as she glances at the clock she knows she is running out of time.

Billie weighs her options, if she already knew the girl she might just call her over but she does not even have a name to go on. She glances toward the front where there is a counter and behind it rows and rows of rental skates and one bored looking clerk who looks like they are about to fall over in their half asleep state. Billie has never actually tried skating, her dad always said he would let her when she got old and had more eye hand coordination and then left before he deemed her ready but how hard can it be.

Billie marches up to the counter and slaps a few bills on the speckled counter getting a jump and a glare from the employee “Size?” She asks in a nasally tone looking bored as she raises a hand up to yawn.

“What?” Billie asks dumbly, distracted, her attention already back on the rink and the pretty brunette shimmying as she skates backwards to the music.

She practically growls when the girl behind the counter starts snapping her fingers in front of her, smacking the hand away with a glare. “Shoe size genius, for the skates.” She says snapping her gum unphased by Billie’s anger.

“Seven.” Billie hisses, pointedly not turning to the rink as the music changes, waiting for the girl behind the counter, her little name tag too faded and chipped to read, to bring her a pair of rental skates.

“Turn them in before you leave” She says, already moving back to her spot by the register depositing the money Billie gave her and tossing her change down the counter to her, Billie scrambling to catch it before it can roll off of the counter and scatter across the floor. Billie shoots her another glare as she grabs the skates and heads over to a carpeted bench near one of the entrances to the rink.

It takes her longer than she thought it would to get them laced up, leaving the laces loose and sloppy like she does her boots. She glances around and realizes shitty little Hawkins might have one advantage to California, she is pretty sure she does not have to worry about anyone stealing. The place is dead, just older folks lingering around now, occupied with one another and having no interest in Billie’s boots, so she leaves them by the little bench.

Billie does not so much skate the few feet to the opening in the half wall as awkwardly walk on the toes of her skates. She clutches the bar on the inside of the rink at the top of the wall, wobbly legged as

she sets the wheels down on the smooth floor. She manages to stand alright, still holding the railing until the girl she has been eyeing gets close coming her way. Billie pushes off the wall feeling confident for the first few glides of her skates across the wooden floor.

She has a seductive smile pulling at her lips that quickly turns into an open mouth shout as her foot glides too far and then in her panic to right herself she lifts it and boy is that a mistake. Billie sees the pretty girl's eyes go wide right before she finds herself looking up at the ceiling and her back hits the ground knocking the wind out of her. Billie stares up at the dark ceiling, flinching as one of the roving lights gets her right in the eye, gasping for air as her body works to breathe again.

Billie finally manages to get a few gulps of air in before she turns her head and sees the pastel skates she recognizes as belonging to the pretty girl. "Hey are you alright?" Is asked from above her and Billie just groans staring at the shapes on her pastel skates, there is no way she did not just watch Billie hit the ground.

"I've been better." Billie grumbles arm coming up over her face trying to hide.

"I bet, you took quite a tumble, you're probably going to have some bruises." Billie grumbles because yeah she knows that but then there is a gentle hand skimming over her knee and she slowly drags her arm away from her face. "You didn't break anything did you? I've seen that happen a few times from falls like this, can you move everything?" Billie thinks falling might not be so bad if pretty girl is going to drag her fingers all over checking her over.

Billie does not realize she has not answered or said anything at all until the girl turns in her squatted state, hands coming up to skim over Billie's face, fingers sliding through her hair, big brown eyes full of worry. "No, no I'm a little winded but I think I'll live." Billie reassures, groaning when the girl waves a hand toward the side and she looks to find those folks who had been milling about minding

their own business now pressed up against the half wall watching them. "Great"

"Ah don't worry about them." The girl waves her embarrassment off, mouth pulling into a smile, lips shiny as the light catches them and she holds a hand out for Billie "Are you ready to get up?" Billie nods flushing a little as she takes the offered hand, takes note of short soft pink nails as she is hauled up.

"Fuck" Billie groans as it makes the pain in her ass and back all the more obvious, throbbing, it eases some when she is on her feet again. Her legs immediately go wobbly as her skates try to slide and she flails free hand grabbing the girl's shoulder.

"Easy, I won't let you fall." She reassures Billie, smiling kindly, the hand not holding Billie's steadying her by the hip and making her flush. "You've never skated before have you?"

Billie flush deepens in embarrassment, face pinching up and she would rip her hands away and storm off if she was not sure she would just bust her ass again. "What makes you think that." She hisses, she does not appreciate how this girl gets even prettier as she tries to stifle a laugh, Billie figures she might as well risk it, wrenching her hand back from the girl's shoulder only to have it caught by her hand.

"Hey, hey, no you're going to fall again." The girl moves closer, the heat of her body pressing right into Billie's space, hands going to her hips keeping her from falling on her ass. "Wasn't trying to embarrass you, I was honestly asking." Billie squints at her, not quite believing her but she finds nothing but earnest honesty in those big pretty eyes.

"No." Billie finally lets out softly as the girl starts skating backwards dragging her along slowly.



"We'll I'm pretty good, I could show you a few things sometimes, names Stevie, you're new around here right? Never seen you before, know pretty much everyone in town so you must be." Stevie rambles and Billie distantly wonders if she is the same Queen Stevie she heard about this morning but mostly she just wonders if Stevie's lips taste like the cherry coke her breath smells sweetly off.

"Names Billie just got into town last week." Billie offers, chewing her lip before asking. "How about you let me buy you a soda for making sure I don't hurt myself any further?"

"Make it a cherry coke and have a break with me and you got yourself a deal sugar." Stevie gives her a wink and that combined with the nickname makes Billie's stomach swoop low and warm.

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Billie is thankful to be out of her skates sitting on the little bench slipping her boots back on, most of her attention on Stevie again skating slow circles around her and the bench. A few people throw curious looks their way but no one bothers them. "You're really good at that." Billie says when Stevie stops close by hand out for the skates.

"Grew up here, my uncle owns the place, spent practically my whole life on roller skates." Stevie shrugs cheeks pink as she holds the rental skates against her stomach. "It just takes some practice, I could teach you." Stevie offers again. Billie rubs at her sore back, she does not really have a desire to go back out on that rink but she does have a desire to spend more time around Stevie.

"Yeah that would be great." Billie is pretty sure she is never going to recover from the way Stevie's bright smile makes her heartrate kick up.

"I'll go return these to Kelly, how about you go get us those pops?" Billie has a moment of annoyance over Stevie calling soda pop but it is outweighed by how cute and happy Stevie looks smiling at her. Stevie waits, big eyes on Billie until she nods and then she skates off Billie watching the way the material of her shorts stretch over her thick ass.

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Billie ends up in a booth, Stevie across from her two sodas and a basket of fries on the table in front of them. Stevie's skates keep knocking against the toes of her boots and Billie uses it as an excuse to hook her ankle around the back of Stevie's foot, delighted when Stevie does not pull her foot away just tosses Billie a shy smile cheeks going pink.

"So you're the Queen Stevie I heard so much about this morning." Billie teases after Stevie tells her a near identical version of a story Toni had told her earlier in the day.

"God I have never really liked that nickname." Stevie groans covering her face.

"I can think of plenty of others to call you." Billie grins as she says it, catching Stevie's eyes as she peeks from between her fingers, grabbing a fry from the basket and dipping it in the little pool of ketchup before snapping it between her teeth.

"Yeah like what?" Stevie asks, leaning forward as she drops her hands, mouth wrapping around her straw as she takes a sip of her cherry coke before chewing on the end, big eyes watching Billie as she grabs another fry.

"Pretty girl, bambi," Billie feels bold under Stevie's pretty eyes and her wide pleased smile, figures she already busted her ass to get here.

She might as well take the last step and see what happens. “My girlfriend.”

Stevie tips her head back letting out a laugh somehow smiling even wider as she looks at Billie. “Has that ever worked for you before?”

Billie is back to feeling embarrassed, drawing her arms in as her cheeks turn red, feels the heat of it creeping down her neck. “Never tried it before.” Billie admits moving to get out of the booth looking to leave before Stevie can decide to make fun of her, pausing only when a hand catches hers.

“Where are you going sugar?” Stevie asks, twisting their fingers together. “If you’re angling to call me your girlfriend one of these days I think we should spend a little more time getting to know each other.” She uses her hold on Billie’s arm to pull her toward the side of the booth she is sitting on, sliding to the far end by the wall.

Billie glances at the clock as she slides in, technically she should leave but Max is a big boy he can keep himself out of trouble without her supervision, she just hopes he heads home before their parents return. “Not going anywhere, tell me what is there to do on a Friday night, what am I getting myself into when I pick you up at eight?” Billie says sliding into the booth and pressing into Stevie’s space, arm sliding around her waist fingers toying with that belly chain.

“Usually I’m here Friday night but since you’re new to skating I suppose I won’t make you suffer though that on our first date.” They share a grin, eating their cold fries and slowly drinking their sodas as Stevie rambles on about what there actually is to do in a small town, it is more than Billie thought and she cannot wait for their date.

**-End**

**Author's Note:**

<https://ghostofjellyfishforgotten.tumblr.com/>